

3.9.26

THE
LOST LOVER;
OR, THE
Jealous Husband.

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OR THE
Jealous Husband.

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OR, THE
Jealous Husband &

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mrs. Manley. K

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bently, in *Covent-Garden*; F. Saunders, in the *New-Exchange*; J. Knapton, and R. Willington, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*. MDCXCVI.

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Printed for S. Baskin in Court-Gate; P. Sturges, in the New
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Yard. MDCCLXIV.

THE PREFACE
They say, that suffered by it, they
old me, was possible to have so much of a
good thing, but I think never too little of an
ill.

That knowledge of the Town was the
gentle part, which does not always show
young Characters; and I thought it
only to pay for the tedious (and
irresolving) I should be so leavily
now know my Faults, and will promise to mend
them by the best way, not attempting to repeat

THis Comedy by the little success it met
with in the Acting, has not at all de-
ceived my Expectations; I had ever
so great a Distrust, and so impartial an
Opinion, that nothing but the flattery of my
Friends (and them, one would imagine) Men of
too much Sense to be so grossly mistaken, and
without whose persuasion I never designed pub-
lishing of it) could in the least have held me in
suspence of its good or evil Fortune; and to con-
fess my Faults, I own it an unpardonable one; to
expose, after two years reflection, the Follies of
seven days, (for barely in that time this Play was
wrought) and my self so great a Stranger to the
Stage, that I had lived buried in the Countrey,
and in the six foregoing years, had actually been
but twice at the House. The better half was
cut;

P R E F A C E

cut; They say, 'thas suffered by it, tho' they told me, 'twas possible to have too much of a good thing, but I think never too little of an ill.

That knowledge I had of the Town was the gentle part, which does not always afford Diverting Characters; My design in Writing was only to pass some tedious Country hours, not imagining I should be so severely repay'd. I now know my Faults, and will promise to mend them by the surest way, not attempting to repeat them.

I am now convinc'd Writing for the Stage is no way proper for a Woman, to whom all Advantages but meer Nature, are refused; If we happen to have a Genius to Poetry, it presently shoots to a fond desire of Imitation. Tho' to be lamely ridiculous, mine was indulged by my Flatterers, who said, nothing cou'd come from me unentertaining: like a Hero, not contented with Applause from lesser Conquests, I find my self not only disappointed of my hopes of greater, but even to have lost all the glory of the former; Had I confin'd my Sense, as before, to some short Song of *Phillis*, a Tender Billet, and the freedom of agreeable Conversation, I had still preserved the Character of a Witty Woman.

Give

Give me leave to thank the Well-natur'd Town
for Damning me so suddenly; They would
not suffer me to linger in suspense, nor allow
me any degrees of Mortification; neither my
Sex, Dress, Musick and Dancing, cou'd allow
it a three Days Reprieve, nor the Modesty of
the Play it self, prevail with the Ladies to
Esouse it: Here I should most justly reproach
my self, if I did not make all due Acknowledg-
ments for Sir *Thomas Skipwith's* Civility, his Na-
tive Generosity, and Gallantry of Temper, took
care nothing on his part shou'd be wanting to
make it pleasing.

Once more, my Offended Judges, I am to
appear before you, once more in possibility of
giving you the like Damning Satisfaction; there
is a Tragedy of mine Rehearsing, which 'tis
too late to recall, I consent it meet with the
same Fortune: 'Twill for ever rid me of a
Vanity too Natural to our Sex, and make me
say with a Grecian Hero, *I had been lost, if I
had not been lost.*

They Object the Verses wrote by me before
Agnes de Castro, where, with Poetick Vanity I
seemed to think my self a Champion for our
Sex; some of my Witty Critticks make a Jest
of my proving so favourable an Enemy, but let
me tell them, this was not design'd a Conse-
quence of that Challenge, being writ two years
before

before, and cannot have a smaller Share in their
 Esteem than mine: After all, I think my Treat-
 ment much severer than I deserved; I am sa-
 tisfied the bare Name of being a Woman's
 Play damn'd it beyond its own want of Me-
 rit: I will conclude with *Dionysius*, That *Plato*
 and Philosophy have taught me to bear so
 great a Loss (even of Fame) with Patience.

myself, if I did not make all due Acknowledg-
 ments for Sir Thomas Skipwith's Civility, his Ma-
 jesty's Generosity, and Gallantry of Temper, took
 care nothing on his part should be wanting to
 make it pleasing.

Once more, my Offended Judges, I am to
 appear before you, once more in possibility of
 giving you the like Darning Satisfaction; there
 is a Tragedy of mine Rehearsing, which is
 too late to recall, I consent it meet with the
 same Fortune: I will for ever rid me of a
 Vain too Natural to our Sex, and make me
 as with a Greek Hero, I had been lost, if I
 had not been lost.

PROLOGUE

They Object the Verses wrote by me before
 Agnes de Castro, where, with Poetick Vainly I
 seemed to think my self a Champion for our
 Sex; some of my Witty Critics make a Jest
 of my proving so favourable an Enemy, but let
 me tell them, this was not design'd a Con-
 sequence of that Challenge, being with two years
 before

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. Horden.

THe first Adventurer for her sake I stand,
The Curtain's drawn now by a Lady's Hand,
The very Name you'll cry binds Impotence,
To Fringe and Tea they shou'd confine their Sense,
And not outstrip the bounds of Providence.
I hope then Criticks, since the Case is so,
You'll scorn to Arms against a Worthless Foe,
But curb your spleen and gall, and trial make,
How our fair Warrior gives her first Attack.
Now all ye chattering Insects straight be dumb;
The Men of Wit and Sense are hither come,
Ask not this Mask to Sup, nor that to show
Some Face more ugly than a Fisty Beau,
Who, if our Play succeeds, will surely say,
Some private Lover helpt her on her way,
As Female Wit were barren like the Moon,
That borrows all her influence from the Sun.
The Sparks and Beaus will surely prove our Friends,
For their good Breeding must make them commend
What Bitter Deuix so e're a Lady sends.
She knew old Thread-bare Topicks would not do,
But Beaus a Species thinks it self still new,
And therefore she resolved to Coppy you.

B

EPI.

EPIDLOGE

Spoken by Miss Cross.

Kind-hearted City Wives, if any here,
Was not Olivia's Virtue too severe,
To baulk your Expectation at that time,
Kind tender Cits wou'd be a Mortal Crime;
Our Gallants were undone, shou'd you but prove
Her Apes in Virtue, as you'r theirs in Love.

But for our Poetess—Lord, no Virgin ever
Resigned so bashfully her darling Treasure,
She sweats and reddens, then turns pale for fear,
See what disorders you can give the Fair;
Shou'd I ask ne're so much to make you kind,
You'd damn or pity as ye are inclin'd,
Tho' each in private wou'd be sworn her Lover,
Scarce one true Friend the Publick will discover.

Our Beau was writ at least two years ago,
See how rank Weeds in Foppish Countreys grow,
Now so Diminutive a Spark, alas,
He scarce can serve to shew you what he was;
Shou'd the next two increase as these have done,
The Babel Beau might hope to touch the Sun,
Did but sound Sense and Reason thrive as fast,
The Coming Age might profit by the past.

Per-

Persons Represented.

Sir Rustick Good-Heart, an
Ill-bred Country Gen-
tleman, Mr. Johnson

Wilmore, his Son, Mr. Verbrugen

Wildman, his Friend, Mr. Horden

Sir Amorous Courtall, Mr. Powell

Smyrna, a Turkey-Merchant, Mr. Gibber

Pulse, a Physitian, M. Penkethman

Knowlitttle, a Fortune-teller, Mr. Haines

Timothy, his Man,

Ready, Servant to Wildman,

W O M E N.

Lady Young-Love, an Old }
Vain Conceited Lady, } Mrs. Kent.

Marina, her Daughter, Mrs. Rogers.

Belira, Secret Mistress to }
Walton, } Mrs. Knight.

Orinda, an Affected Poetess, Mrs. Cibber.

Olivia, Smyrna's Wife, Mrs. Verbrugen.

Isabella, Woman to Lady }
Young-Love, } Mrs. Cole.

Phoebe, Olivia's Maid, Mrs. Mills.

Page

Servants

SCENE in London.

THE

[Exeunt severally.
Enter

The Lost Lover ; or,

Enter Marina, and Belira, Marina in a Travailing Dress.

Bel. Without repeating further Welcome to you : My Dear Marina, How have you spent your time in the Country ?

Mar. 'Twas rough cast, and hung heavily upon every Spoke; neither Park, Play, nor Ballet-Table, to call rugged Time along; sometimes indeed, when disburthen'd London, wanted new Air and Complexion for her Female Inhabitants, I had the Diversion of seeing how well they could relish Country Sparks, after being cloy'd with Town Beaux.

Bel. Nature is no Idler; the Fruitful Dame loves Employment; but pray what cou'd she find out in your part of the World, for nice, well-dress'd distinguishing Town-Ladies.

Mar. The thing with all the World, is being pleas'd, not who pleases; my pretty young Lady *Mide*, her Lord leaving her in a Barren, wild unfurnish'd World of Sparks, cast her Eyes upon so near a Relation of his, that she mistook the West Country for Flanders, when undistinguishing Night had reduc'd the Sense of Seeing, into that of Touching.

Bel. Doubtless some believe it a Satisfaction, to prove the Difference between Town-Art, and Country-Nature; but how does Mrs. Con-
exit.

Mar. I sent a handsome Footman of mine, to make her a Compliment, and she interrupted him in the midst, to tell him he had a Pretty Mouth, which cou'd be better employ'd, than in delivering his Ladies Message.

Bel. But what of that Ill natur'd, False, pretended piece of Virtue, my Lord *Rural's* second Daughter.

Mar. Married, long since; found a Fool to uphold her ill Nature, in railing at Mankind, and cloak her Pleasure in using them.

Bel. She did my Brother the Honour of taking that foolish Toy a Maiden head from him; he courted her for a Wife, and she wantonly ask'd him, if they cou'd not love without Marrying.

Mar. Since that, she granted her favours in an open Calash, whilst her Husband drove it.

Bel. 'Twas the boldest bravest Lover I ever heard of.

Mar. The Glory is due to her; for when he objected her Husband, she said his back had been turn'd a thousand Minutes, and 'twas hard if Fortune would not take care securely to allow her one of them.

Bel.

The Jealous Husband

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Yet none pretends more to Virtue, nor will sooner sweat her Neighbours wants in Uncharitableness to others; and count it as a certain Mark of Defect in our selves.

But all this time I forget; where's my Mother, who's gone to an Indian-House with young Wilmore, her Spouse that be of choice Vivers for new Furniture, she means every thing shall be as Gay and inviting as her Lover.

Mor. How can it enter into a Womans head of Fifty, to look back upon a Young Fellow of Twenty, whose first contrivance will be how to get rid of her, her Money excepted, and that once secur'd she may march off with what separate maintenance he is pleas'd to allow her, and be contented to starve all her life after, for having once made too large a Feast.

Bel. If I mistake not, she intrudes a little upon your right; you have not lost all your inclination for Mr. Wilmore.

Mor. They indeed prepare me towards making him a very Obedient Dutiful Daughter-in-Law.

Bel. Well, Well spare your Modesty a farther Confession, and let you know to-morrow is the Wedding day; but there's a Misfortune notold to you, nor cou'd your imagination guess at it, Sir Rustick Goodbear has got my Lady Young Loves consent for Marrying you.

Mor. I see absence has not made my Mother better natur'd; but if she plays the Fool, I shall be wiser than to imitate her; besides, mine wou'd be, so much worse, as an Old Man is always less inviting than a Young.

Bel. Mr. Wilmore has shew'd himself so generous, that till you were sent for he refus'd to Marry your Mother, and then too but conditionally she should secure your Fortune to your self.

Mor. 'Tis surprising in a Father-in-Law; but is he in Love with her, (for I can wonder at nothing) or the Match imposed by his Father, for his Age scarce allows him to know the Value of Money enough to part with his darling Liberty for it.

Bel. She has made advances to him beyond belief; his good breeding received them Civilly; whereupon she has forgot nothing that cou'd make her less Ugly, though Age did not fail to o'er-top it all; Nature was so unkind a Mistress, as to prevail in spite of

Mor. I shou'd never have guess'd other; for when we are once arriv'd to a certain Point of time, we may e'en lay aside Pig-wear, Patches and Curls, and be contented with less Admiration, so we meet but with more Esteem; but if he loves her not, what can provoke him to Marry her.

Bel.

The Last Lover; or

Bel. Constancy and a Necessitous Fortune; besides, she has almost purchased him with rich presents, which has more Eloquence in them than all the Old Womens Tongues in England.

Mar. Presents! Sure you forget your self.

Bel. I know what I say; besides, where have you liv'd not to know, Money speaks for an Old woman, when her Eyes no longer can: But to entertain you till my Lady Young-Love comes in, my Page shall sing you the last new Song.

S O N G.

A *H Dangerous Swain, tell me no more,
Thy Happy Nymph you Worship and Adore;
When thy fill'd Eyes are sparkling at her Name,
I raving wish that mine had catch'd the Flame.*

*If by your fire to her you can impart
Diffusive heat to warm another's heart:
Ah dangerous Swain, what wou'd the ruine be,
Shou'd you but once persuade you burn for me.*

Enter Lady Young-Love, Wilmore.

Lady Young. Bld the Coach set up, and let the things be brought in here My Daughter come! God bless you!

Mar. I am o'er joy'd to see your Ladiship, and to see you look so well.

Wil. Your Ladiships most humble Servant.

Lady Young. Belina, How do you like these figur'd Velvets; this I design for the Bed and Hangings; this Violet colour suits agreeably with this Buff

Bel. Most extremely well, Madam; does your Ladiship design a Mixture?

L. Young.

The Jealous Husband.

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L. Young. I had thought of painting and bordering it with the Crimson and Green; but that sort of Furniture has been my aversion, ever since I saw my oldish Lady Young's Apartment set forth with Scotch Plaid and Damask.

Bel. aside.] Confusion! How his Eyes are fix'd on her, as if his Soul received her Charms, and wanted pow'r to hide it!

L. Young. I don't look well to day, Mr. Wilcox. [Looks in her Glass.]

Mar. Your Ladiship can never look other.

L. Young. Belira, thou won't flatter me; I have not red enough have I not?

Mar. aside.] But from the Eyes to the Chin, and looks like the Raddle upon a Sheep's Back.

Bel. Your Ladiship is mistaken, I never saw you look better; there's a Curl indeed out of order with the motion of the Coach; Hold, steady your Head! Oh, very well, that Pink-colour'd Ribbon suits agreeably with your Complexion.

L. Young. But do you really think, Mrs. Wilcox, I look so well to Day?

Mar. He has reason to hope, Madam, that your Ladiship may look better to-morrow Night.

L. Young. Have you catch'd hold of that report, who made you so wise?

Mar. Him that is to make your Ladiship so happy.

L. Young. Indeed, that's not my Wilcox. I'm terrified from you to talk with Girls: I have a Mother, I shall never think of approaching her without fear and trembling. How a Young thing as soon as ever she has bid farewell to Bids and Aprons, is ready for a Lover, and that her wit will rob her and Impudence, better to be liked, than her Mother with all her Experience!

Mar. You are a good Child, I like you. You don't look like a young thing, but you are a young thing.

Page. Sir Rastick Goodbears desires to know if your Ladiship be yet inclin'd to him.

L. Young. Always to him. I shall be glad of his Company. Daughter, I have taken that care of your Fortune, as deserves now the Trust my late Lord reposed in me, Sir Rastick Goodbears and I, have agreed upon your Marriage; my Authority secures your Consent.

C

Mar.

Mar. Marriage, Madam, is a thing I have not thought of, 'tis a Journey for Life, and that once consider'd, we ought to do every thing to make it as easy to us as possible.

Enter Sir Rustick Good Heart, Wildman.

L. Young. Sir Rustick, your Servant; where have you been since dinner?

Sir Rustick. Be Dad, taking a Glass to this pretty Lady's health, Madam your Servant.

Wild. Your most humble Servant:

[*They salute her.*]

Wildman, a very pretty Lady.

Wil. I don'd think so to, if 'twere not of the latest.

Sir Rustick. Give me thy Hand sweet heart, thou'rt welcome to Town, be Dad with all my heart.

L. Young. What think you of a Walk in the Garden, the Lovers are engag'd, and we won'd leave them together.

Wild. We wait upon you.

[*Exeunt Sir Rustick and Man.*]

Sir Rustick. Which dost thou like best, my Dear, the Town, or Country.

Mar. The Town, Sir, beyond Comparison, all good Judges are of my Opinion, I hope you are one of them.

Sir Rustick. Before George no, yet if it had not been for me you had been there still; I persuaded my Lady to send for you up, and have provided a Husband for thee, Girl, what say'st thou to a Husband, heigh!

Mar. 'Tis a sort of Cacemite, has not yet fallen under my Consideration.

Sir Rustick. All in good time, Child; I like thee ne'er the less for that. You don't look like the forward things of the Town, that Marries a Man only to Cuckold him; Ods-bobs thou wilt not do that, I hope, Child.

Mar. I don't understand you, Sir.

Sir Rustick. Come, we will be better acquainted, and then thou shalt understand me, heigh! to say truth, the way of making Cuckolds is soon understood.

Mar. Pray, Sir, at once forgive, and satisfy my curiosity, have you spent your time mostly in the Town or Country.

Sir

The Jealous Husband.

Sir Rastick. Be dad, Child, the Country: I never came to London but in times of Parliament, which thank Heaven were not very frequent in our late Reigns: do I look like your Sickly *Lawyer*, the dregs of nothing but Fox and Wine, Hemb, — Hemb, — shew me any young Fellow of them all, that can match me in Health and Vigour; neither Stone, nor Gout, nor the relics of any Distemper, but Love of their Child.

Mar. Love of me, sure you mistake your self, one wou'd have imagin'd it, any other under the Sun at your Age.

Sir Rastick. Why there, be-dad you'r out, there's none Lovers but us old Fellows; the Young ones don't think it worth their time; shew me such another as Old Sir *Far-Loe Feeding*; why Child he does nothing but look Babies in her Eyes all day, but be-dad believe he sees but in Imagination, unless he borrows the assistance of Spectacles: He sits her, before George, in a great Chair in the very middle of a Chamber, and himself for hours together at her Feet, upon a Foot-stool, in admiration of her; there's encouragement now.

Enter Belira.

Bel. My Lady *Young-Love* and her Counsel are in the Parlor, Sir, looking over the Writings, she desires your Company.

Sir Rastick. I come, I come; Sweet Mistress your Servant, till I see thee again.

Bel. I came *Marina* to your deliverance, I imagin'd how you were teiz'd.

Mar. O hideous! *Belira*, did I think in Nature, there had been such an ill bred, awkward thing; why he's so great a Monster already, Horns can't make him worse.

Bel. And yet my Lady *Young-Love* says you must Marry him.

Mar. What with twelve thousand Pound, a great deal of Youth, no contemptible stock of Beauty, besides an untainted Reputation, that out-weights them all; believe me, *Belira*, I'm not so far ignorant of my own worth, to bury it in him.

Bel. I wish you don't ruine your self by the Refusal.

Mar. That Marriage is the greatest, and you must use all your Interest with my Mother to prevent it; or resolve to make me the most unhappy Creature breathing.

The Lost Lover, or,

Bel. All aids that are in my power you may command: But has not your Journey tir'd you, you will not be for the Park this Evening.

Mar. The Name has unwearied me; I'll but change my Cloaths and be ready for you.

Bel. My Lady *Tenny-Low* has tir'd poor *William*; he has left her to her Bonds and Conveyances, and is gone to the Park before: wou'd not you wish to meet him there?

Mar. Why thy question? He is my Mother's, and never can be mine: but we trifle: will you favour me with your Company, whilst I am Dressing?

Bel. I'll follow you.

[*Exit Marina.*
Yes, *Marina*, my Interest pulls too strong against you, to leave you a Moment to your self till I have put it out of *Belmont's* power to injure me.

Who trusts the fawning filk, must first believe

I trust her not, and cannot be deceiv'd.

[*Exit Omer.*

Oh! As I ought, I know my Duty to you, Husband, and never
had a thought against it.

Why, why, why, what you are doing to me, I am sure, I am
no more than I deserve.

As to your Duty, if you never see me another day, I am sure
I shall not be the less your Duty.

Oh! I am sure, I shall not be the less your Duty, if you
never see me another day.

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never see me another day.

Oh! I am sure, I shall not be the less your Duty, if you
never see me another day.

Old. As I ought, I know my Duty to you, Husband, and never had a thought against it.

Smy. Why, very well, since you are both so indifferent, 'twere no great harm, if you never see one another again. As to you, Gentlewoman, 'tis Mortifying you too much, to suffer the Visits of a Man, who has not Sense to know your Worth; And, let me tell you, Mr. *Wildman*, I Love my Wife, and don't like People that slight her Charms, and prefer my Friendship to her Beauty, therefore till you come better prepared to do her justice, your Visits will be but offensive, and if ever you make another, I shall conclude you have taken a Friends Advice. Come, Wife,

Ex. Smy. and Old.

Wild. Go thy ways, for an old Jealous, I will be-god, I could say, Cuckold, but my honest Endeavours shall not be wanting to make thee, that thou believest thy self

Exit Wildmore.

Will. Thank God for my deliverance, I'm got into the open Air again, without the incumbrance of an old Woman, who is not satisfied, unless you confine your Eyes to the Guck of meeting none but hers.

Wild. If thou art weary already, what wilt thou be when the Noose is fixt, and no kind relieving Hand can do thee the curtesy of unslipping it.

Will. I confess, I have given the Town reason to believe, I could allow *May* and *December* the two ends of time, to meet in an expected Wedlock.

Wild. The Opinion of thy Sense was not fortified by that, we always believed, thou hadst enough to distinguish between the glittering Metal and the Alloy; But are you not resolved to marry my Lady *Tong-Less*?

Will. So far from it, that I would run my self into any other Noose in *Chriftendom*, to avoid hers; *Maria* is the Goddess here; You have doubtless heard her Father left her a Fortune of 12000 *l.* on Condition she Married with my Lady *Tong-Less*'s Consent, else Shame and Beggery to be her Portion.

Wild. That any Man shou'd be so far wedded to the Follies of his Wife to desire the entailing of them upon his Posterity.

Will. I have held a long Age of Dissimulation with her Mother to permit her return to Town, and get her Fortune secured, engaged

carried my Father with the hopes of Marrying her, and driv-
ing her out of the old Lady, if it were not for her
there, but this is the hardihood of my Confession, for I think
whatsoever Custom can persuade, that Man's a Villain, who
brings a Lady's Honour on his own shoulders.

Will. Begad if our House Ladies came to know how well
they are perswaded, how many it's as good as their own, Mar-
riage is to them, as he is to the young years, which
commonly reckon the pleasure of toying as the foremost delight
in the world.

Will. I am not so much enough for that yet. To be short then,
Belira, who you know lives with, and governs my Lady Taver-
Love, did me the honour to like me, and I had reason to believe
myself Master of her best Favours, I could not shake off her fond-
ness, tho' all mine was secretly address'd to Maria, for whose sake I
was forced to differ with Belira.

Will. Begad that was a very enough, for the trouble of getting
handsomely rid of a Mistress, is ten times more than what it costs
to make her such.

Will. She catch'd the discovery from Mr. Eyes, and unknown to
Maria perswaded her to go to her into the Country, then
to confound me further, the old Lady grew fond of me, Belira put-
ting it into her Head, that I should fly my hat, by which means, she
continually secured her self from being me, being in the same House,
and reasonably thought, the interest she had in my Heart, run no
hazard, by bestowing my Person upon an old Woman.

Will. Then how comes it, she has suffered Maria to return,
for I perceive the means she has taken.

Will. I was conditionally, I married my Lady Taver Love to
myself, and conditionally that I should be bestow'd upon my
Father's old friend.

Will. And how do you think to evade either?

Will. 'Tis for that reason I make the discovery to engage your
assistance, Belira will not suffer her to sign for her Daughters
Portion, till the moment of Execution, but my present necessity
is to secure Maria, I have ordered Match and Dancing after
Supper, if possible engage Belira in your Affairs, that she may not
concern her self with mine.

Will. You have seduced your own without considering my
applications to Belira may ruin me with Orinda.

Will. Quite contrary, that Couage never likes a Man to well as when he does not seem to be fond of her, 'twill my Opinion, besides 'twere no Obligation if you did not run a little hazard for your Friend.

Wild. You shall command me, and now I consider, I'll bring Sir *Amorous* *Charrall*, who is Pop enough, to think all Women that have fine Cloaths Beauties; him I design for the old Lady, if she shou'd happen to like him 'twere no way of getting rid of her.

Will. That will be admirable, but be sure ply *Amorous* close, she's handsome enough to reward your pains, and because of her interest with my Lady *Young Lady*, the only Enemy I can apprehend, — They are come into the Walk, we'll meet them at the next turn.

Enter Marina and Belira; meeting Oriana they salute.

Ori. Your Ladships most joyful humble Servant, you're well come to Town; how long have you done it the honour to grace it with your presence.

Mor. But to day, Madam, I'm pleas'd at the good fortune of meeting you so soon.

Ori. *Belira* your Servant, O God I've been at the Play-house, where there has been the odiouslest Play, so dull, that O my Conscience, I shan't abide to set my foot in it again this Twelve Month.

Bel. I believe there was very little Company there this Weather; how come you to prefer that Direction to *Hide-Park*?

Ori. O God, you may very well ask *Belira*, for 'twas so choice of mine, an Alderman's Wife and Daughter did me the displeasure to Dine with me, and press'd me beyond decency to go with them; O Jesu, what a vexation 'tis to be with those precise sort of People, that wou'd not go out of their Road, tho' to be less odious.

Mor. They were famously set out, I warrant you.

Ori. O most unsuitably, the very sight of their Trappings wou'd have made you die of heat, of all things I hate Winter Cloaths in Summer; what say you *Belira*?

Bel. That there are a sort of People that think Finery never out of season.

Ori.

The Jealous Husband.

13

Orin. Lard, *Marina*, I finish't a Copy of Verses last night, which I have sent to half a score of my Friends for their approbation, I bestow'd the last upon admirable Sir *Amorous Courtal*, but Ple send you one of them.

Mor. You'll not fail.

Ori. Lard, Madam, what do you take me for? *Beliris* must come in too for a Judge.

Bel. Pray, what was the Subject?

Mor. I know none so Entertaining as her self.

Ori. O, Madam, your most grateful Servant, 'twas upon the different Addresses I have had made to me of late, O Jesu, such a glut of Foppery and Mankind; I long to breath a little of the Country Air, that I may get rid of this Town Lumber, and entertain my Muse alone with the reflections of what she has left behind.

Mor. But, who is that Sir *Amorous Courtal*, he's sprung up since my reign.

Ori. O Gud, a very pretty Gentleman, *Marina*, so Airy, so well Dress'd, so Handsom;

Bel. See how Opinions differ, if you'll take mine, *Marina*, he's the most out-cast Fop in Nature, he once made the Campagne, but all he remembers of it, is running to *Breda*, which has given him fears enough to keep at home all his life after.

Mor. *Orinda*, Will you favour me with your Company to night, we have Musick and Dancing?

Ori. Ple wait upon you anon, 'tis my Lady Junket's Visiting day, and she'll never pardon me, if I omit my Devoir.

Bel. O, that old Gossiping thing, she'll never have lost the relish of youth, but wishes so well too't, she'll bring young loving things together in spite of their Hearts.

Ori. Fye *Beliris*, Gude I-hate you, for being so censorious, because she allows the freedom of her Apartment to Quality of both Sexes; A Lady of her age can't be friendly or so, but presently she is thought procurish.

Bel. O, very friendly, and then so grateful, one Treat shall make her yours all her life after.

D

Enter

Enter Sir Amorous Constall, Wildmore, and Wildman.

Wil. Ladies, your humble Servant, 'tis a delicate Evening.

Mar. Sir, your Servant, see *Beliria*, *Orinda* is stealing away, go after, and bring her back.

Bel. I have ill Nature enough to break an Appointment, and I fancy here is one.

Wil. to *Mar.* I have that to say which it concerns you to know, favour me but with an opportunity after Supper, and let *Beliria* know nothing of it.

Mar. In the Garden I'll expect you.

Wil. Ten thousand ages, till then, O *Marina*, do not fail me, my Heart will suffer unspeakably if you should.

Mar. No more, take my word I'll be there.

Enter Orinda and Beliria.

Ori. O Jesu, fate *Beliria* you have lost your senses, who would be seized thus.

Bel. Together, and so thoughtful, I see the growing evil.

Sir Am. Let me be nothing, Madam, if ever I saw any thing so killing as your Eyes, they have Charms, my Heart never understood before.

Mar. Yours is a general gallantry to the whole Sex, *Sir Amorous*.

Ori. Lard, *Sir Amorous*, what a loss should we have had, if you had made the Campaign.

Sir Am. I must confess, I staid in pure Charity to the fair Sex, to expose them, by my absence, was an inhumanity my Heart could not agree to.

Mar. I fancy, *Sir Amorous*, you are very fortunate in Amours.

Sir Am. Let me expire, Madam, if I have any reason to complain, but those fair Eyes, makes me forget, every thing but themselves.

Bel. I swear Mrs. *Wildman*, you talk pleasantly, come *Marina*, shall we not be going?

Mar. When you please; *Orinda* we must not leave you behind.

Wil.

The Jealous Husband.

15

Will. You'll give me leave to wait on you to your Coach, Ladies.

Will. Sir Amorous, not so fast, come back, [Ex. *Monet. Will.*
Sir Am.] I've a word with you.

Sir Am. Pax on you, let me go, I must wait upon the Ladies, 'tis such an omission, that I shall never be pardon'd, nor deserve the Esteem of a Gentleman amongst them.

Will. You may appologize for that anon, I call'd you back, to give you a little Advice.

Sir Am. Be sudden then, I cannot live, divided from Marina.

Will. The old fire, that flames upon sight of every new Face, but I design you for another, who exceeds her in advantages, as much as you do all the Play-house Beams in Dress and Gallantry.

Sir Am. No ill Comparison; Who is it? I dye to know.

Will. First then, she's prodigious rich, wears extravagant fine Cloaths, and has the best way of putting them on.

Sir Am. O, of all things, I love a Lady well Dress'd, let me be nothing, if one that is other, does not look mean, and as if she were to be loved according.

Will. Then she's Amorous, and will no doubt be presently taken with you.

Sir Am. 'Plhaw, Pax, so they all tell me, I cou'd have hated her that part of the Character, 'tis surfeiting.

Will. Her Fortune however is enviring, if you apply your self to her, she's rich enough to reward your labour.

Sir Am. Let me expire, if thou dost not talk scandalously, I hope 'tis not Matrimony thou hast it at.

Will. Why, you're too much a Man of Mode, to make the burthen uneasy to you; a Civil Husband, and so forth, is all that a Wife can rationally expect from you.

Sir Am. Gad, now I think on't, Cold Civility to a Wife, gives one a good air, let me dye, if I cou'd be fond of an Angel that I was once Married to, but to be seen abroad with her, were an extravagance, I shou'd never forgive my self for.

Will. Or if it shou'd happen, once in an Age, I fancy, you you wou'd make just such meen, as my Lord *Stately*, and his Lady, when they are together in one Coach at *Hyde-Park*.

Sir Am. Just for all the World, or let me expire, let me never breath, if I have not been passionately in love with her uneasy Frowns, and even ravish't to find during the whole Park time she

had not bestow'd one word, nor look, upon her Lord, one wou'd have sworn, but by her Frowns, she had not known him to be so near her.

Wild. Gad, I think he matches her, his lolling back in his Coach, without glance or motion, speaks as much mortification as her fullness, the best we can conclude is, that they'r heartily weary of one another.

Sir Am. Shew me that Married Couple who are not, but then there's good Management in those Affairs, as in all others; Is it reasonable to disgust one self with a Wives Company, only to oblige the Town with Matter for remark, let her take her Coach, and leave me the freedom of my Chariot, I'll give her the Ceremony of the Glass as we meet, pass on and make no uneasy reflections of the heavy load intail'd upon Mortal life.

Wild. Besides, my Widow will set all uneasiness aside, and repair the breach you have made in your Estate.

Sir Am. The Campaign, the Campaign *Charles*, let me be nothing, if I did not loose Baggage to the value of 15000*l.* all my Dressing Plate, Wardrobe, and Military Accoutrements, and was glad to secure my self at *Breda*, with only the days Provision upon my Back, thou art my Friend, to whom I may own such a Misfortune, let me expire, if ever I was in such a Consternation since I was born into the World.

Wild. 'Tis now Eight a Clock; do you know my Lady *Tong-Lours* here in the Square, any body will tell you the House, I'll meet you there at Nine.

Sir Am. Adieu; I'll walk over the Park to my Lodgings, write an Excuse to an Expecting Lady, who does my Company the Honour to sigh for it, and then I'll be certain to wait upon you.

[*Exeunt Severally.*]

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Knowlittie, and his Man Timothy.

Know. Why truly Tim. we have had but a sorry Day on't.
Tim. Indifferent, Master, besides those that came to inquire after Stolen Goods; the Party that would know the Cause why she did not conceive, paid us notably.

Know. Look out some body knocks, Tim.

Tim. O Gemini, Master! 'Tis Mr. Smyrna, the Turkey Merchant, and Madam Olivia his Wife; I am very well acquainted with her Maid, Mrs. Phebe.

Know. Peace, we must not pretend to know them till the Stars have been consulted: I'll to my Study, mind your hits, Tim. and get what intelligence you can. *Exit.*

Enter Smyrna, Olivia, and Tim.

Smyrna. Where's your Master, Friend, I hope 'tis not too late to speak with him.

Tim. In his Study, Sir; I'll go and acquaint him with your being here; He does not use to appear after Sun. *[Exit Tim.]*

Oliv. Lord, Husband, you are the strangest Man in the World; what will People think of you?

Smyrna. What, Mistress, you'r afraid the Devil should speak Truth, and discover your Abominations.

Oliv. The Devil's the Father of Lyars, how shou'd he speak Truth.

Smy. You are the Mother of Lyars, and that Cuckold maker Wild-man, one of your vile Disciples.

Oliv. Because you heard he courted me before I was Married, you think I must needs be naught with him. *Smyrna.*

Smy. No, no, very Good in your sense, I warrant; Naught, why thou art not a Citizen's Wife for nothing; thou hast more grace I trust in the Lord, than not to think Cuckolding thy Husband a good honest practicable Thing; those are naught who do it so awfully that the World is acquainted with it; nay their very Husbands, who are always the last in knowing the Favours that are done them.

Oliv. But sure, you don't believe, that an ignorant block-head of a Fortune-teller, should speak any thing like Truth.

Smyr. I'll tell you what I believe though, Mistriss, in my case of Enquiry your Ladship can exceed all the Cunning men in England, and read our Fortunes to a Tittle; but the Devil's in't, you won't make me as wise as your self, but put me here upon unlawful means, the Sin will lye at your door, Wife, you'd as good confess, and save charges into the Bargain.

Oliv. If I should, I'm sure you would not believe me.

Smyr. The Devil take me then; Come be quick, before Master Astrologer comes.

Oliv. Lord, Husband, what do you take me for? Why, if it were so, do you think I'd be such a Fool to confess.

Smyr. No; Thou'rt wiser o' my Conscience, but be sure you are as trusty to other Folks; you Women have the Friends that you discover your failings to, and that way the Secret comes about; 'tis for your Interest, as well as mine, to keep the matter private, if 'twere but for the sake of preserving your Lovers, they are squeamish amongst such a glut of Womens Flesh, and are disgusted by that which has been blown upon; but see the Devil appears to decide our Controversie.

The Scene Opens and discovers Knowlitttle behind a long Table & Books, Globes, Compasses, Pen, Ink, Paper, &c.

Know. Is your business with me, Friend.

Smyr. Yes, Mr. Knowlitttle, I've a doubtful Question to be resolved, therefore there's something by way of Encouragement, only whether my Wife do me Justice, you understand me Friend; I'm plaguily afraid of being a Cuckold, an ignorant Cuckold, Sir, for that's all; Pray consult the Stars, that I may come to the knowledge of my good Fortune.

Know. We'll erect a Scheme, or as the vulgar term it, cast a Figure, and give you the Opinion of the Stars thereupon.

Smyr.

The Jealous Husband.

Smyr. He's Conjuring; we shall immediately see the Devil in the Circle.

Smyr. They say a Woman can out-wit the Devil, and I believe out-Face him too — Well, Mr. Knowlins, have you done? What do the Stars say, am I represented with Horns like Capricorn, with a certain Tall young Gentleman in my Figure, who does my Wife the Honour to Love her, better than she can her Husband.

Shew. How say you Master Knowlley, do you like my Wife too? does the Stars denote me for further Enrichment, what encouragement do they give you, to take her part for such a bad, not one Devil in Hell dares do it without a Bribe.

Smyr. Ay Friend, and I see 'tis more than thou canst do, thou art going to convince me of the vanity and folly of all those who have helped thee to deceive themselves.

Smyr. O no, Sir, Your Profession is a very Learned Profession, but I much doubt the Skill of the Professor.

Smyr. Would you frighten me into an Opinion of your Art, you that can't tell a Man whether, or no, he's a Cuckold; I have no Faith in you, and therefore dare stand the Worst.

SW Book, sees postures of Conjurition, Plump with his Feet; then Tim arises, dress'd like a Fury, with a Wand in his Hand, strikes Smyrna thrice over the Head with it, Oliva breaks, Smyrna trembles, looks affrighted, and sinks down as such in a Chair.

Tim. From Hell's deep Center, hither am I come;
 To warn thee, Mortal of thy heavy doom;
 Thy Wife is Chaste, yet shalt thou not believe,
 Thy Visionary Doubts, thy Mind deceive; **There-**

Therefore remain accurst, and may'st thou find,
Thy constant plague, in thy suspicious Mind.

[Descends]

Oliv. Mr. Knowlins, accept of this Gratitude; my Husband faints! Lord, I wish his fears have not taken away his use of Hearing. He'll never remember what the Devil said to him.

Know. Sir, Sir; How fares it with you?

Oliv. Lord! How do you do, dear Husband? I'm frighted out of my Wits; I'll never venture to the Devil again with you, you shall e'en go by your self, next time for me.

Smyr. Ay poor Wife; as thou say'st thou wilt, I believe, forsake me in all Perils; but is he gone are you sure.

Know. Gone; Yes, Sir, what do you think; by vertue of my Art I can lay as well as raise — This 'twas to be incredulous, and undervalue the Mysteries of Knowledge; I was forced to use extraordinary means to convince you: O the Blindness and Stony-heartedness of the Ignorant.

Smyr. Pray let a Coach be call'd — I'm very ill — but Master Fortune-Teller, your Skill in the Black-Art, shan't make me believe my Wife the Fairer.

Oliv. 'Tis the Capricio of all Old Men, Jealous of every thing that's Younger than themselves.

Know. Ay, poor Lady, Heaven endow you with Patience. — There's a Coach, Sir.

Smyr. Is there, come Wife; good Night Friend.

Know. Sir, your Servant; Madam your Servant: *Tim.* wait upon the Gentry to the Coach. [Ex. Smyr. Oliv. Tim.] Verily this Evening has helped the Morning, and both together made a good Day, few better.

Enter Tim.

Now, *Tim.* thou didst it admirably.

Tim. Ay, Master, did not I; He little thinks, that from my hiding place, I over-heard all he said; but how did the Habit set upon me.

Know. As like as the Devil cou'd be, every one in there way, *Tim.* all Trades have their Cheats, and this is to be said for ours, we do it with their own consents.

Tim. Ay, Master, better this than worse, every thing wou'd fain live, and we do but our honest endeavours thereto.

Know. Come, let's go in and pray, to morrow may but prove as good a Day.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Lady Young Loves House.**Enter Sir Rustick, Wildman, and Belira.**Wild.* **T**O Morrow, Sir *Rustick* is the happy day.*Sir Rus.* Be-gad, I long for the Sack-poll, and throwing the Stocking; that was the Fashion when I was Married, and a good Sociable one too; I mean to make use of it still. He, he, he! I have bin telling her, how eager all the young Fellows will be of hitting the Bride in the Face; but be-dad, I hope I shall hit her better somewhere else; before *George*, I'll try to get a Nap in this Chair, and Dream of to Morrow, before to Morrow comes.*Bel.* Sir *Rustick* is falling asleep over his Wooing. When we force Nature beyond her self, she must return for a recruit.*Wild.* Be-gad Madam! You don't know what an Insipid Fellow I am this way; I never Love taking fruitless pains; If I had not a real Inclination for you; the Devil take me, I if you'd pretend it; For where's the satisfaction of dissembling; when that, which shou'd be a reward to our endeavours, disgusts our Inclinations.*Bel.* You Men of the Town, never value a Woman for her self; 'tis only to increase the Wretched number, tho' your selves are never the better for it.*Wild.* That's only seen amongst the Loose, Idle part of Mankind; who not setting a value upon their own Reputations, think it no fault to Expose a Lady.*Bel.* Well, not disputing any further your Talent of Secrecy, what Security can you give of your Sincerity?*Wild.* Your Charms, and the opinion the World has of my Sense: Be-gad, wou'd you have a more undoubted one? If a Woman be very handsome, and meets with a Man who has Wit enough to know and value it; the Consequence speaks it self, and needs no Corroborating Evidence.*Bel.* Well, enough of this to Night; I receive you for my Lover, and as such, you must do me what Service I desire. *Wilmore* and you, are mighty Friends. Has he told you nothing of his concern for *Marina*?*Wild.* He's to Marry her Mother — Besides Child! I never care to hear those sort of secrets, for fear they shou'd expect mine in return.*Bel.* However indifferent you are, I'll tell you one; tho' the Re-
E port

port runs of to Morrow. *Wilmore*, must Marry my Lady *Young Love* privately this Night, and if you please, you shall have the Honour of bestowing her upon him.

Wild. Your Commands wou'd make greater difficulties easie; but Pox, why this haste, to bring a young Fellow into slavery? Does he know the Design?

Bel. She carried him hence to tell him: I can't imagine how she'll bring it about; for I fancy, one must be a good deal out of Countenance, to let a young Fellow know, one has a mind to lye with him, one Night sooner than he design'd.

Wild. Ay, or desired; for if I were to be Mr. *Bridgroom*, that wou'd be my Case always with an old Woman: But where is he now?

Bel. Shut up with her in her Closet; if you'll stay a Moment, I'll go see what's become of 'em. [Exit *Belira*.

Bel. If we don't take care, this Gipsy will be too cunning for us all; Pox take Sir *Amorous*; Where can he stay?

Enter *Isabel*.

Isa. Is Madam *Belira* here? My Lady Enquires for her.

Wild. No Child, she's just gone; but here's a Friend of yours, wou'd be glad to see you at my Lodgings.

Isa. I assure you Mr. *Wildman*, you are mistaken in me; I wou'd not be a Whore, if you wou'd keep me a Coach and Six Horses, to tend me all days of my Life.

Wild. Nay, now I'm sure you lye:

[Exit *Isabel*.

Enter *Wilmore*.

Wil. Pox take all old *Amorous* Women; I stinck of Petter as bad as her self: I fancy it to be like our *Perriwigs*, that retain the scent of Tobacco, after being in a City Coffee-House. *Belira* has told you.

Wild. Yes, yes. — Have you seen *Marina*?

Wil. Where shou'd I see her, in her Mother's Closet? Be-gad, you wou'd have laught your self to Death, to hear her break the business to me. She was in so good a Humour, that had I not wanted Witnesses, she wou'd have sign'd, without consulting her Oracle, *Belira*.

Wild. 'Tis pity, the Poor Lady shou'd be disappointed of a Husband; Sir *Amorous* shall Marry her.

Wil. But how? I don't think it feasible.

Wild. We'll try to turn our Modern Comedy Plots into good, sober, earnest, and make her Marry one for another.

Wil. Impossible! *Belira* is her shadow, and not to be deceived. They stay Supper for us; my appointment holds with *Marina*; the Musick will amuse the rest of the Company; if possible, don't let *Belira* follow us.

Wild. If

Vvila. If she follows you, I'll follow her, I assure you, for I've talked my self, into a kind of liking of her; but we must not leave the old Gentleman behind us. Sir, Sir! How sound he sleeps? He's taking up his Rents before-hand, and providing for to Morrow Night, which he Fancies will be no good one of rest to him: They stay Supper for you Sir *Rustick*.

Sir Rus. Supper, why, what's a Clock?

[*Yawns and wakes.*]

Vvil. Near ten, Sir: Shall we wait upon you down?

Sir Rus. I had rather you shou'd wait upon me up, Sir, a good Bed in my Country is worth ten Suppers; but be-dad, I must not tell my Mistress so till I am her Master. Come along.

Vvil. We wait upon you Sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lady Young Loves House.

The Scene opens, and discovers Lady Young Love, Marina, Sir Amorous Courtall, Wilmore, Wildman, Orinda, Belira. Song and Entertainment of Dancing.

L. Y. L. **W**Here's Sir *Rustick*, that he has not honoured us with his Company?

Vvil. I left him taking a Grace-Cup with your Ladyships Chaplain. Mr. Priest-Craft will be too hard for him, they are so used to their Sanctified Wine they can swallow a large share of our unhallowed Juice of the Grape. Be pleased to know my Friend, Sir *Amorous Courtall*.
[*Exit after Marina.*]

L. Y. L. As such I must ever value and esteem him.

Sir Am. Your Ladyship's most Obedient Servant; let me Expire, if ever I saw any thing so taking as your Ladyship's Civility.

L. Y. L. Lard Sir *Amorous*! Do you consider whose in the Company? These young Ladies will have reason to Quarrel at your Judgment, or rather I shou'd be displeased at your insincerity.

Sir Am. Let me expire Madam, if ever I saw any thing so ingaging as your Air. O that Dress, that Dress Madam! The Devil take me if the Drawing Room in all its Birth-night finery, can shew us any thing equal to it.

L. Y. L. I wish I had but as good a Title to the rest of your Commendations; but time was, when they might have passed upon me with less injustice.

Sir Am. Be-gad Madam, no time like the present: The Sun is not in his glory till he is mounted to the Meridian, let me dye; if I can imagine your self, cou'd ever exceed your self.

E 2

L. Y. L.

L. Y. L. Lard, Sir *Amorous*, your'e extream Courtly! How unfortunate have I bin till now, in wanting your Acquaintance! I never had so sudden an esteem for any one. O! I Love a well bred Man, in my Soul— Good Breeding—— There's no Charm exceeds it. Pray Sir *Amorous* have you not bin abroad?

Sir *Am.* Yes Madam, I have fetch't the Tour of all the Courts in Italy, made some small residence in Spain, but their Gravity disgusted me, and therefore made haste to pass into France, which had every thing that a well bred Gentleman cou'd desire, either to instruct or Entertain.

L. Y. L. Lard, 'tis strange! I durst have sworn that very thing by your Air, your janty, way of Dress, your Perriwig. Oh Jesu! How ravishing the Curls fall to cover your Face, and leave us almost nothing besides to Contemplate. Ah! how far you exceed all that ever I saw in the Art of Powdering. *Belira*, don't you think Sir *Amorous* Dresses extreamly well?

Bel. Undoubtedly, Sir *Amorous*, I beg your Pardon I did not see you sooner—— Heigh, this is Gallantry indeed! What a new Dress!

Wild. The Devil take thy Foppery; was it for this, thou madest us stay for thee?

Sir *Am.* I had a Misfortune, just as I was crossing to my Lodging, a filthy Carman dash't me most intolerably, a just reward for being on foot in the dirty Street; I was forc'd to change my Cloaths before I was fit for this shining Assembly.

Orin. Sir *Amorous*, your most devoted, Admirer--- Lard, my Lady Young Love, did you ever see any *Steenkirk* have that Air? Never cou'd Madam, the Princess de Conty, have hoped a Copy, so transcending the Original.

L. Y. L. 'Tis all of a Piece, all Sir *Amorous*, in a word; all that can be named, the fine Gentleman, the Courtier, the Something beyond all, the Modern expressive word of Beau.

Sir *Am.* Let me expire, if your Ladyship has not the best Judgment. is not my Sword-knot extreamly fine and just?

Orin. O, of a most ravishing length--- What is Fashion, for well bred People, If, as Mr. *Bays* says, we don't top our parts?

Wild. Your Ladyship's unacquainted with one Sir of *Amorou's* Excellencies; he Dances to a Miracle, and carried it from all the Quality at the last Court Ball.

Sir *Am.* A Corant or Minuet, Madam, I am no higher Dancer: Will your Ladyship do me the Honour of a Minuet?

L. Y. L. Sir *Amorous*, I must beg your Pardon, if I share the Dance, I shall lose the entire Prospect of your Person; *Belira*, if she pleases shall oblige us.

Wild. Nay, be-gad Madam, you shan't go till Sir *Amorous* has done with you.

Bel. Eternal Impertinence, they are both missing, and undoubtedly to-

together. Sir *Amorous*, I'm not in Humour, and shall make but an ill Figure, *Orinda* will do much better.

Sir *Am.* Let my be nothing, Madam, if she has not ten times more Chagrin in her Looks than your Ladyship. I must not be refused.

L. T. L. Sir *Amorous* Dances in Perfection. [Dance.

Wild. I told your Ladyship his Talent, I was sure you wou'd not find me in a mistake.

[The Dance done, *Belira* goes out. *Wildman* follow her.

Orin. So slighting, she has Debauch'd him from me. O I can't hold my Muse! Muse go Lament the Misfortune.

For to Love is Noble frailty, but Poor sin,
When once we fall to Love, unlov'd again. [Exit *Orinda*.

Sir *Am.* O your Ladyship flatters me, or let me dye! But to say what has bin said before, Blows from hands so soft, who wou'd not bear!

L. T. L. Sir *Amorous*, you are a Judge of Decorum and Decency; what say you to walking in, and seeing the Bridall Bed?

Sir *Am.* I'll follow your Ladyship through the World; but I shall expire in seeing the place where my Happiness is to be Sacrificed.

L. T. L. O Jesu! 'Tis a thousand pities so pretty a young Gentleman shou'd have an uneasie Moment. [Exit.

SCENE Changes to the Garden.

Wilmore, and Marina.

Mar. Grant, I dispense with that one Form of our Sex, disbelieving a Lover, when he first tells us he is such; how can you avoid my Mother, or delay her expectations? *Belira*, whose reasons I could not comprehend before; will do all that's necessary to ruine our intelligence.

Wil. If nothing else can secure me, your Denial must.

Mar. Twelve Thousand Pounds is a Forfeiture too great to oblige an Enemy with. I hear *Belira's* voice, she must not see us together.

[Exit *Marina*.

Enter *Belira*, followed by *Wildman*.

Bel. But why do you follow me?

Wild. But why do you fly me?

Bel. *Marina* shot that way. I see *Wilmore* at the bottom of the Walk, I have business with him; oblige me, and leave us together.

Wild. You Command me.

[Exit. *Wildman*.

[*Wilmore* comes forward.]

Wil. Here so late *Belira*?

Bel.

Bel. I come in search of you, the Bride expects you.

Wil. To Night! It must not be.

Bel. The same thing as to Morrow, the sooner 'tis over the better; for in these cases our fears are the worst part of our punishment. Was not *Marina* with you? she is wanted. Sir *Rustick* has drank himself into a Matrimonial Temper, and Mr. *Priest-Craft* Swears twelve at Night, is as Canonical as that at Noon.

Wil. *Belira*, have you Loved me!

Bel. Has not my Ruin told you?

Wil. Then do you Love me?

Bel. Yes, to see you happy—— But the Mask is off, and thou canst Cheat no more, and I no more believe.

Wil. You never Loved, but now abhor me.

Bel. You reproach me with what I wou'd be; do not, do not rouse the Woman in me, I wou'd be Calm to Night and see you Married.

Wil. Rather see me Buried.

Bel. Perhaps so—— Cou'd the remembrance of my Wrongs but sleep with thee, I wou'd not Envy thee a quiet Grave.

Wil. Farewel, we part for ever, I'll leave the Town this Minute.

Bel. At least, Sir, if you will not Marry your self, but unkindly leave your Bride thus in the longing Moment; do your Father the honour to grace his Marriage.

Wil. What have I done, that you shou'd wish to make me Wretch'd?

Bel. What hast thou left undone to make me such?

Wil. Your Reputation yet stands fair, and unless your own Indiscretion betrays you the Secret shall be such, with me for ever.

Bel. But thy heart, Traytor, thy perjur'd Heart; tell me, how shall I get it back?

Wil. Never this way, I assure you.

Bel. 'Tis given for gonethen—— Go—— Live as Wretch'd as I can make you, I'll think no more upon you.

Wil. Where, Madam, are you going?

Bel. To a Wedding, Sir, *Marina's* Wedding; you say we must not Dance at yours.

Wil. Rather of the two *Belira*, but why to Night?

Bel. All Bridgrooms are not as backward as your self; your Father has the start of you, in desire as well as years, he is impatient of his Happiness.

Wil. You are Peevish *Belira*; does your Love make you Jealous?

Bel. I have none, the *Moor* has taught me better; no longer doubting, away at once with Love and Jealousie.

Wil. Then 'tis Spite disturbs you: In what have I deserved it?

Bel. Look in thy false perfidious Heart, and take my Answer thence.

Wil. That

Wil. That speaks of nothing you can quarrel with.

Bel. Then I will stay and argue with thee, how often hast thou told, thou could'st for ever Love me?

Wil. I told you that I cou'd, not that I wou'd.

Bel. Poor Caviller, those who can jest with Oaths, can play with Words—— You'l come after and wish the Bride Joy.

Wil. We must not part thus, you were not used to fly my Arms.

Bel. By all that's good, he has got the sorry cunning of our Sex; just so does a Wife when her Husband has caught her false, the gilting Creature cries, Do you believe it Spouse? you do not use to be so unkind—— Ha, ha, ha—— Let me Laugh, tho' 'tis maliciously; go on, I'm in the Vein of Audience; let me hear some disagreeable Truths, and how well thou canst turn Woman; *Marina* is at stake before you, do it handsomely; I wou'd be fortified in my Aversion, and have my hate implacable.

Wil. 'Tis Barbarous to insult, where you shou'd rather pity.

Bel. I do, let all the World be judge else; nay, do more than Pity, I wou'd prevent your Ruin, and stop the Passage up to your undoing; wou'd save you from the Ills, nay, Scorns of Poverty, keep your Friends such, and put it in your Power to be one by still Preserving you: The Worlds opinion, who judge of Merit but by Fortunes Favours.

Wil. We know the Extent of your Generosity: But serve me as I wou'd be serv'd, *Belira*.

Bel. I thought this was your way: I mistook you for him that was to Marry my Lady Young Love—— But I'll go look for certainties within.

[Going]

Wil. Come back *Belira*, 'tis my last Call: I wou'd satisfy thy Womanish Revenge, and let thee see me Curs'd by any other way than Fatal Marriage—— Take my Sword—— Thy Malice can supply thy want of use, despite can furnish strength, and too often thou hast found the way to my unhappy Heart to miss it now.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha, in Love to dying! By all that's good, turn'd Hero: Your Mistress, Sir, is much obliged—— Keep your Sword, it may be a Fortune better worth than all your Fathers Lands; there's Wars abroad, you may employ it in, 'twill keep your Wife from wanting here at Home.

Wil. Am I indeed your Scorn, Proud, Fantastick Woman; thy liking was foul Lust; not Love: That gentle Name brings Happiness, but thou—— Let me not think upon thee, for fear it force my Tongue to something worse, than shou'd be said of Ladies; I've served it seems, as long as you cou'd like, and now you chuse another.

Bel. Wou'd it were come to that, I wou'd exchange thee, for the

the last of Men, and think the Bargain Cheap, wou'd part with all that goodly Form, for honest Ugliness, and think it fairer; thy Youth for Age, and Doat upon his Doatage—— So in return I found but Truth, mark well that word, that word has Charms thou never knewest, and which out-weighs thine.

Wil. *Belira*, thou hast power to read my Soul; thy Magick Spells are irresistible. How hast thou found this Failing in my Vertue, which I not knowing of, my Wants cou'd never miss till now?

Bel. Thank my Wit, Natures best Gift—— I've seen your shuffling poor designing Arts, to wave this Marriage and promote another. Your care too, of *Marina's* Fortune falsely gilded with the weak pretence of Generosity; 'twas not doubled thick enough for me: But because Doubts never shou'd condemn the Man I Loved, I wou'd not seem to doubt till I was certain; therefore no more dissembling, 'tis vain, *Marina* never shall be yours; and if you cou'd not think it an unhappiness, I fain wou'd keep you mine.

Wil. Give me this Night to think in, I'll promise nothing, but this: I'm Grateful where I am obliged.

Bel. To shew your Power, I will; my Lady Young Love through my persuasion designed this the Marriage Night; I'll excuse you to her, but not one word or thought of *Marina*, for in that Moment she shall be bestowed upon another; I wou'd divide the World, rather than you shou'd meet; I hope to Morrow, we may give you joy; this Night I find but little.

[Exit *Belira*.]

Wil. Less thou hast left behind, O the curse of Lewdness! What Woman's Fair after we find her Faulty? What Lady Innocent, when no longer Chaste? Or who so vain to hope for Honour, or for Pity from that Soul who wants it for her self?

Enter *Wildman*.

Wild. What I hear 'tis deserr'd, there's no hopes of Posset. *Belira* has dismiss'd me till to Morrow, she's gone to your Bride; by this time Sir *Amorous* has supplanted you, he is shut up with her, and has impudence enough to bid fair for it.

Wil. They talk of Eating against ones Stomach, but no Surfeit is so nauseous, as what I'm in danger of, *Belira* catch'd me in the Action; and Faith, a sinner must have more impudence than I, who can deny matter of Fact.

Wild. Be-

Wild. Be glad, I have Pimpt to a fair end: What to let a Woman out wit thee? How could you once think of being sincere to one, whose Interest runs counter to yours? I would have dissembled as much Love as I had Aversion; nay Counterfeited my first desires, and suffered her, to believe she had preserved the Conquest of me now, that I might have Triumphed over her all my life after.

Wil. Very well, I am railed at on all sides.

Wild. Thou hast this Moment in thy Face, all the Mortification of poor Lenten Penitents, and lookst more akin to the Spirit than the Flesh. I believe thou art not in the condition of Wedlock. Confess your Misfortune to my Lady Young Love, I know no reason, why a Man shou'd pretend false Courage, when by it he runs himself into an inconveniency, he might have otherways avoided.

Enter Sir Amorous.

Am. Faith, if lying, dissembling and flattering, can deserve her, I have done it. After we parted, I underwent the Mortification of an Arrest, which has the better fitted me for that of Marriamony; 'twas necessary for me, to have just got out of the Bailiff's hands, to be able to go through with her, or else let me expire, if I could have done it.

Wild. But what's the Consequence, Sir Amorous?

Sir Am. No more, than deferring the Marriage. The Duce take me if I don't think it Exceeds all *Proserpine's* Labours, to be able to persuade a Widow to lye alone, when she is resolved to have a Bed-fellow.

Enter Ready.

Wild. The next Affair shall be resolv'd in your Chamber, where I'll wait Sir Amorous and you in a Minute.

Wil. Nay if you would be private, I'm discreet.

Sir Am. Let me be nothing, if he has not some melting Bill, I know it by his very Air. Good Fortune to thee *Charles*.

Exit Sir Amorous, Will.

Wild. Reads, Hum! to Morrow Morning like a Physician, Ready, where had you this Letter?

Ready. Mrs. *Phoebe* brought it to your Lodgings. She says her Master has bin at the Fortune-tellers, to Enquire, whether your Honour had made him a Cockold.

Wild. I am sorry, the Devil could not answer him in the Affirmative! She writes me word that *Symon's* sick with his fright, and that I may pass upon him for a Physician; however, I believe my skill lies most *Olivias* way. Ready, go and knock up my Apothecary; borrow his Velvet Coat with the great Gold Buttons. A few hard words, of Plebotomy, Purgative, Laxative, and I shall be set up in my Profession,

and

and look like any Collegiate Doctor of them all— Why then, the Devil take me if I don't go— Now the matter's brought to Perfection, I'll not fall asleep over the Brazen Head, when it shou'd answer me. Yes.

*I'll watch the falling of the Golden Shower,
And reap my Harvest in the shining Hour.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Olivia's Chamber. Olivia and Phoebe.

Phoebe. BY my Troth, Madam, if all Ladies should follow your Example, Solitude wou'd make them soon turn honest; and then where were the Employment for Wit and Scandal? You need not be in such a Terror of my Master, he sleeps as sound as a Top; and should Mr. *Wildman* come in the Interim, we might introduce him to your Ladyship without his being the wiser.

Olivia. I hear knocking at the Gate; go see if your Master be awake. Why do I tremble thus? I neither distrust my Vertue, nor his Care of it. Yet a secret Guilt condemns me, because I exceed in Form. If the Shadow of an Injury gives such Uneasiness, what do they suffer by Remorse who actually offend?

Enter Wildman like a Physician, Phoebe.

Wild. My Life! my charming, bright *Olivia*!

Olivia. Alas, Mr. *Wildman*, these Transports are not my Due; you know I am honest; neither my Husband nor you can make me otherwise; Therefore urged by your Thousand Importunities, I have indeed sent for you, but 'tis to forbid any more *Billet Douxes*, not one Love Letter more, as you hope to have all those kindly received which you shall dispatch to your next Mistress.

Wild. You amaze me, Madam!

Olivia. Secondly, no Corrupting Presents to my Woman; no attempting her weak Vertue, in hopes to prevail upon her Ladies; for the first moment I suspect it, I shall be offended at you, and send her packing, to carry you the News of it.

Phoebe. I was afraid I should suffer as an Accomplice.

Olivia. Thirdly, no extravagant Civilities to Mr. *Smyrna*; no returning cold Affronts with fond Careses; no carrying him to the
Tavern

Tavern, and paying his Club there, as if that were to be the Price of his Wife at home; nor vain Hopes of having the Proverb of your side, *That Cuckolds are kind to those who make them so.*

Wild. 'Twas something indeed, he was always so damn'd jealous of me; had he had but the Title, I wou'd not have questioned the Benefit of the Proverb, his Horns would have blinded him.

Enter Doctor Pulse.

Pulse. Madam, a good Morning to you.

Oliv. My Husband's Physician unsent for! What's to be done?

Pulse. I have been at Mr. *Simpler's* your Apothecary, who told me Mr. *Smyrna* was taken dangerously ill; whereupon I thought it my Duty to visit him; But, blessed be God, he's in a fine breathing Sweat: When he has taken what I shall prescribe, I hope he may be better.

Oliv. Indeed, Dr. *Pulse*, he has had a very bad Night.

Pulse. By his Habit, I should guess this Gentleman to be of the Faculty. Pray, Sir, if it may be without Offence, what are you call'd? I do not believe you to be of the Colledge; I never saw your Face before, to my knowledge.

Wild. My Business, Sir, is with my Patients, and not to answer impertinent Questions.

Pulse. Cry you mercy, good Mr. *Mountebank*; a Stage, I suppose, is your Occupation. Madam, since you have employed this Quack, e'en make use of him for good and all. A lawful Consultation I should not have refused; and so much good may do you with your *Merry Andrew*. *[Exit Pulse.]*

Oliv. I'm glad he's gone. Mr. *Wildman*, you know your Doom; we must part upon't.

Wild. Prithee, dear *Olivia*, have more good Nature: Do I deserve no Reward for all my unwearied Hours of Love? No soft Compassion due for all I have suffer'd? This is mortifying one beyond any thing.

Oliv. They say Revenge is natural. For your Comfort then, you have yours upon me, since I can't punish you, but I must share in't myself.

Wild. Were that true, *Olivia*, you cou'd not use me thus. That Kindness you once flatter'd me with, tho' it were but a Name, has now lost that. You tell me, I am to be sacrific'd to your Vertue—but I'm afraid 'tis to some more happy Lover.

Oliv. Why, I have never enjoy'd you. If Love were my Business, might I not find it with you? I never heard before, that any thing besides Possession brought Satiety.

Wil. Did you never stay so long for your Dinner, that your Appetite was lost when you came to it? methinks I see you reasoning with it, then surveying me—— And crying 'twon't do, is this the Treat I long'd for?

Oliv. Your comparison might hold indeed, if you cou'd prove I had stay'd my Stomach before I came to Dinner: But my Husband? no such inviting Dish, and I can assure you, too provident, to allow me much variety.

Enter Smyrna sick in his Night-Gown, led by Pulse.

Pulse. He's a meer Quack, and so you'l say, when you see him; if you make use of him, he'l certainly be the Death of you.

Smyr. Ay Doctor *Pulse*, not unlikely.

Oliv. Oh Heavens defend me, here's my Husband! Lord, Mr. *Smyrna* you have affrighted me out of my Wits, my very Heart beats in my Body. Doctor *Pulse* said, you were all in a Sweat, and I'm afraid you'l catch your Death, by rising in the Cold.

Smyr. 'Twill be very well Mistress, if I find your Heart agree with your Tongue. But what Quack have you brought me here—— Nay, face about Doctor, I don't doubt your Experience, nor Murdering by the Rules of Art—— Mercy on us—— Ay marry Sir, this is like a Wife indeed--- What, Mr. *Wildman* turned Physician! Friend *Pulse*, you need never have troubled your head about this business, my Wife meant to keep this able Doctor to her self; this Gentlemen's design lay in supplanting me, not you.

Wil. Impudence must carry me through, *(aside)* Doctor your Patient is certainly Distracted, a meer Frenzy has seized him—— Feel but his Pulse, ay he's fitter for his Bed than any place elle; I can't commend your Judgment in suffering him to rise in this desperate Condition, let's force him back to his Chamber.

Smyr. If I am mad, 'tis born mad; you'd carry me to my Chamber, that you might lye with my Wife in hers—— Pray Doctor *Wildman* be pleas'd to march, I shall be able to wait upon you down and secure the Doors after you. Be pleas'd to lead the way without further Ceremony—— I must own 'tis uncivil, but I make bold by your own example, for I fear, you have bin more so than welcome, with a certain Acquaintance of yours.

Oliv. 'Tis as I say, Doctor, retrieve your blunder, or I am lost.

Pulse. Never fear it, Madam.

Wild. Brother Doctor, won't you assist me? The Gentlemen unruly, see how he struggles. O Sir, if you did but understand your own good you'd to go Bed, else you're a lost Man.

Smyr. *Pulse*, *Pulse*, Friend *Pulse*, I say, will you let me be murder'd by this Rogue, this Villain *Wildman*—— I'm almost strangl'd, help, help

help there, I say, I won't be carried from my Wife— Wife— Wife— Where are you? Pray Sir be satisfied, and think me Cuckold enough for the first time.

Oliv. O dear Husband, be perswaded and go to Bed, you look strangely wild.

Phæ. Ay Master, if you did but see your self, what an altered Man your are; blest me one won't know you again.

Smyr. Thanks to honest Whoring, Mr. *Wildman*— I always thought Horns wou'd bring a strange Alteration.

Pulse. Good Lord, what a Frenzy is this, to mistake a Physician for a Lover— To bed with him, by all means, and let him have some Cooling Tysans, and refreshing Juleps to allay the heat of the Distemper, perhaps a little sleep may restore him— Your Hand, Master Doctor.

Smyr. Nay, if you are in the same Song too, I must be mad indeed— When a man is to be made a Cuckold, nothing can prevent it— But pray, let Master Doctor with the Whoring Countenance be dismissed.

Phæ. He has never bin well since that Rogue of a Fortune-teller bewitch'd him.

Pulse. Nay, if that be his case, it may be beyond our Art, Brother; best send for some godly Divine to Pray over him.

Oliv. That shall be my Care— God restore him, Doctor *Pulse*.

Phæbe, lend your Hand, he'll struggle: But we must prevail, 'tis for his good.

Smyr. What's the Devil in you all? I am no more mad than any of you; only a Cuckold, and a little troubled at that Calamity; no further Frantick I profess.

Pulse. That's enough, of all Conscience. He'll with him.

Smyr. Murder, help, Murder, Murder. [They carry him off struggling.]

Re-enter Wildman.

Wild. I have enough of the sport, and had much rather see *Olivia* return.

Enter Phæbe.

Phæ. My Lady Sir, desires you would please to be gone; she's resolved to stay by my Master for the better quieting of him— But don't let this dishearten you, your affairs shall go better than they have done, or I'll lose my Place, and my Reputation too.

Wild. No, I'm at length convinc'd, *Olivia's* Virtue should be rather Cherish—

Shorter than seduced, tho' I see whose ever Title we have to it, we can be no more sure of Love, than Money; 'tis not ours till we have it in Possession.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Lady Young Loves House.

SONG and MUSICK.

TO Love and all its Sweets adieu,
To glittering Hopes, and glowing Fires;
To Eyes that Swore she wou'd be true,
And yield Philander his Desires.
Those Dear, those faithless perjur'd Eyes,
Those Fatal, sweet deluding things;
The Shepherd now forgiving Dyes,
And dying, mournfully he Sings.
Kinder Death, than Cruel she,
Haste, oh haste to set me free.

Enter Sir Amorous, who throws down his Hat, unbuttons his Coat, crosses his Arms, hangs down his Head, and walks despairingly; then enter Lady Young Love and Marina.

L. Y. L. They have given us but a Melancholy Song Daughter upon our Wedding day. None here but Sir Amorous! Lord Sir, what can be the reason of this disorder? Jesu forbid, that so handsom a young Gentleman, shou'd have as much despair in his Heart as Person——
Marina, go and bid *Isabel* be sure to mind what I told her.

Mar. Yes Madam.

Well done Mother, get as large a share of the Sex as you can, I'll not stay to dispute your Title.

[*Exit Marina.*]

L. Y. L. What don't you know me Sir Amorous—— Bless me, what not answer me?

Sir Am. Too well Madam—— I know you as the cause of all my ills, the glorious cause of my undoing.

L. Y. L. Lord, my mind misgave me when I heard that mournful Song.

Sir

Sir *Am.* I must confess 'twas dull, unfit for Brides, and cou'd but dead your thoughts.

L. T. L. But Sir *Amorous*, what is the real occasion of this Sadness?

Sir *Am.* Let me dye, Madam, if your Ladyship does not ridicule my sufferings. Have you forgot what I told you last Night; that and a thousand times more lyes heavy on my Heart to day; and unless you resolve to see me dead, you must not marry Mr. *Wilmore*—

*He a Wretch insensible of all your Charms,
And who seeks his Happiness in anothers Arms.*

L. T. L. He Lord, he's the Modestest Gentleman; so Civil he never prest for the least Favour, no not for a Kiss; and that you'l say's but a small one; but when he cou'd not decently avoid it.

Sir *Am.* A Wretch, is it possible Madam, that the Transports of a Man, when alone, with so fine a Woman—— Oh Madam! Were it but permitted me—— But why do I vainly meditate on any thing but Death!

L. T. L. Death, Heaven forbid: Indeed I am very sorry, I was not acquainted with you, before things came to this extremity—— But as to Mr. *Wilmore*, he is so bashful, and so modest, Lord, you wou'd not believe any thing else in him.

Sir *Am.* All that a Rival can say, will be suspected: But say I clear'd it to you, what then shall be my reward?

L. T. L. Indeed I shou'd be furiously angry to find him so cold only to me.

Sir *Am.* If your Ladyship will let me wait upon you to the Garden, I'll clear the matter to you. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

SCENE Changes to the Garden.

Wilmore, Belira, meets him.

Wil. DO you remember, our last Discourse *Belira*?

Bel. Can I ever forget any thing where you'r concern'd.

Wil. Then I must tell you, I'm resolved to Marry where I best can like, not for conveniency alone, 'tis sinful, and you, and I, and all must live to dye.

Bel. So godly, one wou'd think your Time were come: You have forgot sure, *Marina* is to marry your Father.

[Sir Amorous and Lady Young Love appear absconding.]

Wil. She never will *Belira*, therefore if you have Loved, shew it in this only proof, I ever ask't, and let me marry her.

Bel. How

Bel. How dare you think the question, much less to ask it? I only live for you, in hopes of you; and when those hopes are gone, I've done with life; the heavy load will not be worth the bearing, the very thought has loosn'd it, and I want pow'r to answer.

Wil. No Tears *Belinda*, we will be always Friends, your Honour shall be safe, and you my chiefest care.

Bel. What can pay Love, but Love? *Marina's* Arms will make you cold to mine; nor can I stoop, to share your hurt. O yet consider! e're it be too late, think on the Wreck, the ruin of your Fortune, the flowing Tides of Poverty, that ruins all it covers; and lastly, think on an unhappy Wretch, whose only fault is desperate Love of you.

Wil. I've thought on all, and nicely weigh'd the Sense; the consequence is this, I Love *Marina*, and rather than not marry her, wou'd be undone; therefore if you can save me 'twill be Noble, and like the Love you promised.

Bel. What Generosity canst thou hope to find, where only injuries are given? what suffering, tame, deluded Monster dost thou think me? My Wrongs have waked that Rage, which Wonder had be calm'd, and I am now prepared to dash thy hopes, and prove thee Traytor to thy Vows and me.

Wil. Be wise *Belinda*! We live not now in those Romantick constant days, where their first Mistress was their last. I lov'd you once, and still esteem you, but Vows that are made in Love, are writ in sand: It's impossible to recal a Lovers Heart, when once 'tis made a Present to another; shou'd it return, 'twou'd sooner Love a third.

Bel. Thou needst not seek for Arguments to kill my Hopes; thus I blow them from me: Farewel for ever, both to thy Love and them; thou hast Lov'd me little, but thou knowst me less: Vengeance is due to thy mistake; I only live to wish, and hope to see it take your Minion: Love her as long as you are used to Love a Woman, and then let want of Wealth and Liberty pursue you: Be poorly Wretched, and Wretched Poor; and may you hate the cause as bad as I do *Love* for her sake, the very name of Woman; yet think on me and sigh for such a Friend — But may no Friend be found, till scorn'd at home thou seekest abroad, some Wretched Death unknown.

[Going to Lady Young Love, Sir Amorous meets her.]

L. Y. L. What have I heard and seen *Belinda*? Is it possible it shou'd be you?

Bel. Villain, hast thou betray'd me ——— Madam, I warn you from that Traytor *Wilmore*, [Exit *Belinda*.]

L. Y. L. Mr. *Wilmore*, I am sorry I was so long your pretence, Sir Amorous. This discovery has done me mighty Service, and I am sorry I cannot express my Gratitude to you.

Wil. I have too justly offended your Ladyship, ever to hope Forgiveness: I only beg your Anger may not fall upon *Marina*, she's an Innocent cause.

L. Y. L. The

L. T. L. The Age is quite Debauch'd, Jesu! who shall we trust, after this? *Belira* naught, and with modest *Mr. Wilmore* I am in such amazement I can't recover my self.

Enter Wildman and Marina.

Wild. What's the matter? I met *Belira* in a mighty rage, she ran to this Ladies Chamber with a drawn Sword? 'twas lucky I was in the way, else she had murdered her.

Mar. I shan't recover the fright this month! *Mr. Wildman* has saved my life.

Wil. He shall always command mine for it, but what's become of her?

Mar. When she saw her self Defeated, she sent for a Chair, and went away in it; I have not yet troubled my self to know where.

L. T. L. No 'tis no matter, since my House is rid of her. I shall take care who I entertain a good opinion of again.

Wild. Pristhee *Wilmore*, no Chagrin. This was my Plot, I durst not trust thee with it; and therefore advis'd thee to meet her in the Garden, I knew thy soft Nature wou'd not suffer thee, to Expose an ill Woman, tho' to make thy self happy in a good.

Wil. If you had, 'twou'd never have come to this; my Pity is due to an unhappy Woman, who had never bin such, if She had not known me.

Wild. You'll make *Marina* Jealous.

Wil. I hope not, she wou'd not have me Barbarous.

Enter Sir Rustick Good-heart.

Sir Ruf. Where are ye all? Before *George* the Canonical hour will be past; yonders the other Young Gentlewoman gone away Distracted.

Wild. Sir *Rustick*, here's a new Scene of Affairs; *Marina* Swears, She has more mind to be your Daughter, than your Wife; and that 'tis better to Drink Candle by a young Fellow, than be oblig'd to make it for an Old.

Sir Ruf. Be-gad, I don't believe a word of this: You are not of his mind Sweet-heart, *Mr. Priest-Craft* is ready to spoil your sport Sir, and begin ours.

L. T. L. Indeed Sir *Amoroso* you have convinc'd me of the reality of your Passion, and were it not for the talk of the Town, you shou'd and me, not so insensible as you imagine.

Sir Am. Let me be nothing Madam, if this unexpected Marriage will not put them all out of Countenance, and baulk their Spleen; they are prepared by *Mr. Wilmore's* concern for your Daughter, to laugh at your Ladyship. No Wedding — Let me expire, if it wou'd not be a good way, to prevent his refusal by yours, and before he asks you to make him happy with *Marina*, to make me so in your self.

L. T. L.

L. T. L. 'Twere a good Jest indeed, I think we must not spoil the Conceit——But then, Sir *Amorous*, will you be constant?

Sir *Am.* As your own Charms, which can never admit of a Decay.

L. T. L. Indeed, Sir *Amorous*, I have Compassion upon your Sufferings, and a just Resentment of Mr. *Wilmore's* Ingratitude: Therefore, Sir *Amorous*——but Lord! what was I going to say?——Jesu!——will not you think me quickly won?——But indeed, my Charity to you is the chief Inducement; therefore to morrow, Sir *Amorous*, if you please——

Sir *Am.* To morrow will not prevent Mr. *Wilmore*: Give me leave to declare my Happiness, and to hope you will immediately confirm it within.

L. T. L. Lard, Sir *Amorous*, you overcome me every way; I leave it to your Discretion.

Sir *Ruf.* Before *George*, not I. Good Mr. Son, no cogging nor dissembling with me: I love the Lady my self, and have her I will, or some shall smart for it. My Lady *Young Love*, here's Felony, Conspiracy, and Treason against you; they would cheat me of my Wife, and you of your Husband.

L. T. L. That they will hardly be able to do; I have made my Choice, Sir *Amorous* can tell you.

Sir *Ruf.* Hey day! Here's fine juggling indeed! Before *George*, I don't understand these *London* Contrivances. Shall I have your Daughter?

L. T. L. Sir *Amorous*, you rule me. *Marina*, I have too long, won by *Bellaria's* Pretences, deny'd you the Affection of a Mother; but I'll make amends for all, and leave you the Liberty of your Choice.

Sir *Ruf.* Nay then, before *George*, 'tis still well enough——Give me thy Hand, sweet Mistress, 'tis a Match, Bedad.

Mar. I am afraid, Sir, you'll find me good for little, but to bring the Addition of Jealousie to the rest of your Distempers.

Sir *Ruf.* That is in plain English, Madam, that you wou'd make me a Cuckold——Wou'd you so?——Nay, like enough Bedad——Your Eyes have a plaguy Lear that way——Hey! [*calls within there*] Bid *Ralph* saddle the Horses, and bring my Boots; I'll not stay to see the end on't. [*Exit Sir Ruf.*]

Wild. No matter, let him go; as I take it, he has Sign'd. *Wilmore*, thou hast nothing to do now, but to make thy Claim.

Wil. I have so true a Sense of my Villany to this Lady, that I dare not address for Pardon, much more the unvaluable Blessing of her Daughter.

L. T. L. Sir *Amorous* has prevail'd for you, Sir. I forgive you, and have left *Marina* the Liberty of her Choice. But might I persuade her, it shou'd not be *Belira's* Lover, he has too many Faults.

Mar. I'll take them all upon my self; and if your Ladyship would consent, I should not think my self unhappy with Mr. *Wilmore*.

Wild. 'Twill be generous, like your self, Madam; and new the Town; the little Concern you have for Mr. *Wilmore*.

Sir Am. Let me expire, Madam, if I cannot see my Intreaties.

L. T. L. You command me, Sir *Amorous*. Take her, Mr. *Wilmore*; and if possible, make amends for your Faults to me.

Wild. This Goodness confounds me more. My whole Life shall be one constant Study to deserve your Generosity, and *Mary's* Kindness.

Wild. Why so? matters are brought to Perfection. I find I am a Master in the Art. But, Begad! Pimping here, I have ruin'd my own Affairs with *Orinda*. Will she not be at the Wedding?

Mar. She keeps her Bed very ill, and has sent an Excuse; but I believe, *Beliza's* Absence will be the best Spell to draw her thence.

Wild. That shall be my business, after the Chaplain has done his: I'll visit, and perswade her to come and wish you Joy.

Wil. I am impatient till you have the occasion. Sir *Contract*, lead the way with your Bride.

Wild. I think Fortune has not one other Trick to disappoint you with; but 'tis best to take her when she's obliging, for such all People that are going to be married think her.

*But Time will shew the Cheat, and you shall find
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